

another bluff, some half mile distant, to see the squaws perform their rites over the graves of their friends, at their annual visitations.

After fitting up the graves and shaping the turf, they would place some little memorial on the mound, and then sit down with their heads bowed, like the captive women of Judea, and remain in this position for an hour or more.

What could be the thoughts of such a rude daughter of nature, as she sat there? She could see that the last resting place of her deceased friend was in the corner of a white man's plow-field; that all the country around was fast filling up with strangers, and that soon there would be no place left for her and her people; and then her thoughts would wander naturally away to the hunting grounds of the dimly-distant spirit land, and as she recalled the memory of her friends that had gone before, she would pray that she, too, might soon be there, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

HISTORY OF MARSHALL COUNTY.

BY NETTIE SANFORD, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

CHAPTER I.

Prior to the settlement of Marshall county by the whites, it was inhabited by the Sacs and Foxes, remnants of powerful nations presided over by the far-famed Black Hawk. Their descendants are still living a nomadic life, roving over Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas, but receiving their annuities from the government upon their reservation in Tama county, near the western boundary. They now call themselves the Musquaquas.

In the winter of 1847-8, a body of Mormons, in their flight from Nauvoo to Salt Lake, camped and stayed through the winter in the forest north of the place where Marshalltown now stands. Bringing but a small portion of provisions necessary, famine and disease attacked them, and many perished. So straitened were they, that peeling the elm trees of the bark, they found a substitute for bread. In the spring following they folded their tents, placed the early spring violets upon the brown sods of their companions' graves, and planted their church standards beyond the Missouri. A few stragglers of this modern crusade built cabins near Council Bluffs, and made permanent homes afterwards.

The first permanent settler in Marshall county was Joseph Davison, who came to Le Grand township in 1847, but soon after, his brother, William Davison, came and built a cabin in the same neighborhood.

In 1848, Joseph Ferguson and Josiah Cooper made a settlement on the south side of the grove between Middle and South Timber creeks, in Timber Creek township. After this, a few pioneers came into the neighborhood, and others into Marietta, Iowa, and Marshall townships; so that in the summer of 1849 the county was organized — J. M. Ferguson acting as sheriff, and J. Hobbs was appointed judge.

In July of 1851, the first court was held, in a little log shanty near the edge of the forest, where Col. Shurtz now lives, north of Marshalltown. The grand jury met in the bushes near the slough, and these representatives of justice were in session only ten minutes. How the merry squirrels and gophers must have laughed in their sleeves at the solemn faces of the jurors who had "nothing to do"!

This (the first District Court) was held at the cabin of Mr. William Ralls, one of the first settlers of Marshall township. Judge McKay, of Des Moines, was on the bench. Several lawyers, afterwards of great renown, were there interested for their clients. Lieut. Gov. Eastman, in those days called "Uncle Enoch," made himself quite popular mowing hay for the horses belonging to this august body, as well as ex-

pounding law and equity to the pioneers. Seevers, of Oska-loosa, laughed at him, as he came around a heavy winrow with his glittering scythe. "Why, Uncle Enoch," said he, "you make better winrows than speeches." Cassiday, of Polk, who now ranks high in the profession, was in attendance; also a young greenhorn by the name of Young.

As the family of Mr. Ralls lived in the court room, comprising dormitories, kitchen, and dining hall, there was but little room for forensic display or ceremony. Mrs. Ralls cooked the meals of the distinguished gentlemen by a chunk fire, out of doors, yet the smoke interrupted the dignity of the court several times. When night came on, attorneys Eastman and Seevers climbed the pole ladder of the little cabin, and slept in the loft. They looked rather undignified as they slowly swung themselves over the heads of the family; and as Eastman went *up* he looked *down* at the cradle, rather a primitive one, made of oak splints. "Well! well!" said he, "that looks like the running gear of a bear's nest."

Zeno Freeman was the first treasurer of Marshall county; John Amos, Greenbury Ralls, William Ballard, county commissioners; and Jacob Hauser, clerk.

At this term of court there were only two cases upon the docket — one by change of *venue* from Hardin county, and a divorce suit between Wm. Davison and wife. People had domestic *jars* then as now.

Mrs. Davison remarked, as her husband rode up on horseback to attend court: "La! Mrs. Ralls," leaning out of the window, "old Billy thinks he's goin' to git a divorce *enny-how*. See! how straight he *sets* up!"

The town site of Marietta was located this year (1851), and the commissioners appointed by the legislature, passing over some eligible situations, but finding this place so near the geographical center of the county, located the county seat there. The town was surveyed by Messrs. Hobbs and Dawson, and, after the action of the commissioners, immigration gave an impetus to town lots, and prospects were bright for a young city.

Mr. Wm. Dishon, from Oskaloosa, brought the first stock of goods to the county, and commenced business here. He was also the first postmaster. Mahlon Collins followed, soon after, with a lot of yankee notions; then a merchant by the name of Darlington, also had a little store. Quite a number of Quakers settled about Marietta, giving a high moral tone to the community.

This year was known as the rainy season. Torrents, rushed down where rills had been, carrying off bridges, so that it was almost impossible to travel in any direction.

CHAPTER II.

We turn a leaf backward in the history, and learn of eye witnesses of what is called the Indian war of 1850.

Through the month of May there had been some little trouble between a son of William Davison and the Musquas. Being in close proximity when the Indians were on their reservation, the red men became jealous of the whites in their encroachments upon their hunting grounds. Saucy threats were of an every-day occurrence. The Indians, passing one day Mr. John Campbell's claim, killed some of his hogs, drove off a few head of stock, and pointed their guns at him in a wicked style, as if "they meant business." They had war-dances, were armed and painted for fight, and threatened death to some of the settlers every day. Davison burned corn belonging to the Indians, intending to exasperate them, and have "a little brush," when he expected the United States troops, stationed at Fort Dodge, would drive them out of the county. Of course, he was ignorant of the fact, that Congress settled such difficulties, and not soldiers. But the commander at Fort Dodge sent word to the scared settlers, that they must protect themselves or remove from the vicinity. Giving up their claims and summer crops was not to be thought of, so they concluded to build a fort,

or stockade, near a Mr. Robinson's, now called Burke's Hill. It was begun on the 11th of June, and occupied as soon as it was finished, and may be remembered in the military annals of Iowa as Fort Robinson. In this, twenty-four families took refuge, leaving their little cabins, crops, etc. to the tender mercies of the Musquaquas.

The stockade was ninety feet square, built of puncheons, driven like posts into the ground, the fort walls being ten feet high. Away from the forest, the only chance for the red man was to scale the walls; but in that case, the settlers were to be ready, not only with guns, but the women were to make their broomsticks fly around lively. The pioneers brought in their furniture and provisions, but kept the cattle stationed outside, tied by the horns to the walls. An occasional dog crept in; the sound of women's voices was heard, directing their domestic concerns; and, with over thirty children, there was no lack of music, even if the young calves outside were silent.

How weary the days passed along, with nothing to break the *ennui* but the fear of Indians — patching coats and washing dishes; there was plenty of work after all. Their tents were made of wagon covers and old quilts. They had a few chunk fires in common. Each family had their own table, and rough fare placed upon it. Corn-bread, from pounding the kernels in an old kettle, wild meat, coffee, without sugar, and a little butter, made up the bill of fare — somewhat different from Delmonico's.

On the fifth day of the siege, Wm. Smith and John Campbell went down to the Musquaquas' camp, as detectives. They found large camp-fires burning, and six kettles, placed in a row, partly filled with water. Peeping carefully through the bushes where they were concealed, a little way farther on, six large dogs were hung by the necks to the limbs of a tree. Here the warriors of the tribe danced around for two hours, brandishing their war-clubs, and looking fierce enough to eat up the whites of the settlement. After the perspiration had washed their faces of the paint, and they seemed pretty

well exhausted, the squaws threw the dogs into the kettles, where a sort of stew was made, in the style of Macbeth's witches, only this was all *dog*. The beldames dished it out to the panting warriors, sprinkled a little sugar over it, and it was a feast, so far as satisfaction was secured. There were a good many warriors to be seen, and it looked dark for the little handful of men in the fort.

The next day Campbell and Smith were out watching, when they met four different parties of Indians, well armed, who stopped the white men, with their guns, and interrogated them as to the number of men in the fort. They answered: "Big heap white men — come away off." This seemed to drive the Indians back for that day.

In a few days the braves came again, and asked Captain James Logan, the commander of the fort, "How many?" He, of course, exaggerated the number of men and arms, talked of the "big chief" at Fort Dodge, and "Sioux, heapy." This sent them away sullen, yet they did not attack.

A few days after this, Wm. Davison, thinking it would be a nice thing to test the courage of the garrison and commander, laid a plan for a sham attack. The night-guard was Wm. Asher. Davison let him into the secret, and Jack Braddy, he being a good shot, and a courageous sort of a man. Davison went up the hill back of the fort, where some of the cattle were tied, and raised a stampede among them. The cow-bells jingled at an awful rate; reports of guns were heard, as if there were many braves in the distance; the sleeping garrison aroused themselves to the dreadful emergency of meeting the Indians. Poor old Mrs. Robinson yelled out, as if in a Methodist camp-meeting: "Oh! Lord, I have tried to live in thy service, but I find I've not enough religion to die by. Give me more, Lord, *dew*, please."

There was, of course, a terrible excitement. The men grasped their guns, while the women hushed the little ones, and prayed, without preface or introduction, "Lord save us." Logan acted very well, and most of the men, Braddy and Asher laughing in their sleeves at the fun.

Finally, about daylight, there being no moccasin print or feather seen above the walls or about the stockade, the garrison concluded they had been *sold*. The scamps of the *fiasco* let the secret out, and indignation ran high for awhile, as a lady nearly died from fright. There being no physician within fifty miles, matters looked dismal for the jokers. After quarreling two or three weeks over this and some other annoyances, the settlers concluded to leave the fort, and trust to Providence for protection from the red men.

Cowed by menaces from Major Williams, from Fort Dodge, and other persons from Des Moines, the poor Musquaqua resigned himself to his fate, and peacefully withdrew, leaving the beautiful Iowa valley to the plow and primrose of the pioneer.

CHAPTER III.

We have already traced the events of the years preceding 1852, and in repeating the story of hardship and annoyances to the settlers locating towns, we have nothing sensational, nothing but "the simple annals of the poor." Immigration came in covered wagons, with the chickens in a box over the hind-board of the wagon; tow-headed children in front; boys driving cows; and even girls were seen *patting* along in the path, whipping calves along, and cows, too.

Albion was laid out and surveyed in August, 1852, by George W. Voorhees and Thomas Brown, and was first called Lafayette, which name it bore till 1858, when it was changed to Albion, there being another town named Lafayette on the Des Moines river, in Polk county.

Albion is situated on the east side of the Iowa river, seven miles north-west from Marshalltown, and has a fine location. Among the earlier settlers was Martin Perigo, who commenced business in merchandise, realizing a handsome fortune. Jotham Keyes came the year 1853. Attorney T.

Brown, now one of the best criminal lawyers in the state, commenced his legal career in Marshall county here. He formerly lived in Tama county. Mr. Abram Stanley has made a large fortune here, a prominent merchant, and a liberal man in aid of colleges, railroads, etc.

Le Grand was laid out a little later than Albion, by James Allman. This village was too near the edge of the county to hope for the capital, but it lay near the great quarries of limestone rock and variegated marble, so that its resources for building material were considered better than those of any town in its vicinity. Ten years after its christening, when the Northwestern Railroad built up towns along its line, Blair's cupidity determined the company to build its station house two miles away from Le Grand, thus leaving "Cobtown," as her enemies named the unfortunate village, out in the cold. This was exceedingly aggravating, as prominent citizens had donated twelve thousand dollars to the company, with the understanding that a depot was to be built within the corporation limits. Their chagrin knew no bounds, when they found that the company did not recognize verbal contracts.

In 1864, the New Light church of Le Grand, with the help of the same sect in other places, built a fine college building, and opened, the next year, under favorable auspices. Prof. James Guthrie, of Antioch College, Ohio, was the president. For a time the institution seemed a success; but upon the death of the president, and from other causes, the college has closed its doors, and one of the best buildings in the state is tenantless, and students are going elsewhere to gain instruction. Le Grand did nobly in the war of the rebellion, and in sanitary aid for the same was in the foremost ranks. It is a village of, perhaps, three hundred inhabitants, and in the midst of a most healthful, prosperous community.

Le Grand, in 1856, had an excitement upon the "woman question," exceeding the discussion now-a-days. A saloon was opened by some vile wretch, and after vending his abominable stuff for awhile, the ladies concluded to use force, as

pleasant words had been exhausted. A party of nine ladies entered the doggery, and while some were engaged in knocking in the barrel-heads with axes, etc. Mrs. Jack Wheitzell threw out of doors brandy bottles and tumblers, and then taking the "saloon man" by the nape of the neck, sent him out after them. She was a strong, muscular woman, weighing two hundred pounds, and the whiskey-seller made but little resistance. The whole concern was demolished, and no other of the kind ever lifted its demon front in the village until the days of drug stores. These ladies were arrested and brought before Justice Yeamans, of Marshalltown, who had them in court three days, but after a wonderful array of witnesses and legal talent, they were released from some flaw in the indictment. The next day they were to be brought again into court for breaking the peace; the constable hunted high and low for the energetic dames, but they had disappeared into Tama county, like Venus into the foam of the sea.

We go back to Albion, and in rummaging old files of newspapers, the *Iowa Central Journal* makes its appearance. It was established in 1855, by Prof. T. J. Wilson, an able scholar, and was the first journal in the county. Prof. Wilson, now deceased, was a man of enterprise and pleasant courtesy, while literature, schools, etc. found a warm place in his heart. While crossing Linn creek, in the discharge of his duties as superintendent of public instruction, he lost his life by drowning. The *Iowa Central* speaks glowingly of a celebration on the fourth of July, 1855. Dr. Hixon, of Marietta, delivered a fine oration, William Ballard and others performed the Star Spangled Banner, and the multitude enjoyed the programme, especially the dinner.

Prof. Wilson sold out the paper to E. N. Chapin, a terse, keen writer, the present editor of the *Times*, who associated with him in the enterprise Mr. R. H. Barnhart, a local editor of fine ability. The paper had many a round with the Marietta *Express*, that was established a little later by Thomas High and A. J. Kenney. Marietta and Albion were rival

towns, with a secret hate for a long time before it showed itself in the journals or in public meetings.

It is time to write on these leaves the beginning of Marshalltown, which was such an eye-sore to Marietta, a rival that finally ate her up, as the giants in the fable. The quarrels of these towns, with the incidents thereof, would fill a volume.

Marshalltown was laid out by Henry Anson, Esq. in the summer of 1853, the year after Albion and Le Grand, and two years after Marietta. Anson had a claim which was bounded north by Main street, that he built a cabin upon in 1851, entering the claim at Dubuque the same year. The town was named Marshall, but it was found that there was another post office by that name in Henry county, so the *office of town* supplied the name with an awkward handle, but significant in an early day.

Many of the settlers in the township were border-men, who now are fighting Indians and wolves on the confines of civilization; who lived in cabins with the doors open through the winter to let in the blessed sunlight; and when Mr. Anson put in a window to his house, it made much comment through the settlement.

Mr. Anson is a man of great energy of character; and in naming him the founder of Marshalltown, no one need think the term misapplied. He was long justice of the peace, and built the first saw-mill in the county. Such an enterprise, when the machinery had to be hauled two hundred miles, and no money to be had from the settlers, was no small matter. It was of great benefit to the community. When the Cedar Rapids railroad was to be built, no one in the vicinity can forget his untiring efforts to obtain the assistance needed to bring the enterprise to a successful issue.

(To be continued.)

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